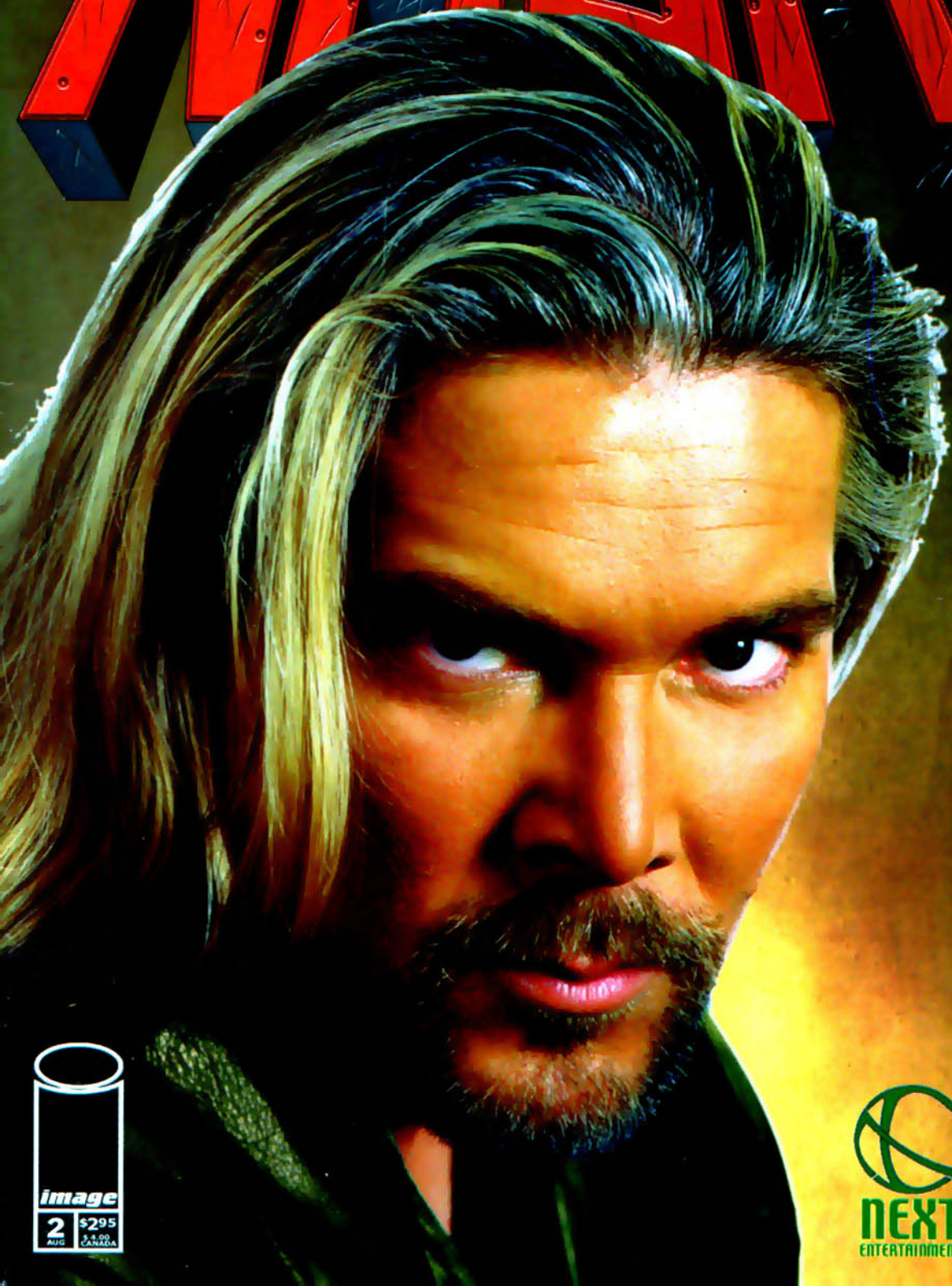


MARSA



image

2

\$2.95

AUG 5 & 6, 2000



NEXT
ENTERTAINMENT

A close-up comic book panel of a character with long, flowing blonde hair. The character's face is pale with a reddish-orange tint, and their eyes are a striking yellow. Their mouth is wide open in a grimace, revealing sharp, bloody teeth and a stream of blood dripping down. The background is a solid orange color.

UNNNH.

HEY, I DON'T
WANT TO SOUND
LIKE I'M WHINING
HERE...

...BUT--

HOW COME
I'M NOT **DEAD**?



BECAUSE I
DECIDE YOUR FATE
FROM NOW ON,
NASH!


THOSE MERCY
BULLETS *HURT LIKE HELL*,
DON'T THEY? I FIND IT VERY
ENTERTAINING...



...ESPECIALLY
WHEN *YOU'RE* THE
ONE AT MY MERCY.

NOT THAT I EXPECT
YOU TO *BEG FOR YOUR*
LIFE, I'M NOT AS NAIVE
AS ALL THAT.

BUT IT'S GOING
TO BE A PLEASURE
TO MAKE YOU
SQUIRM!



YOU'RE WORKING
ON A REAL FINE SET OF
DELUSIONS THERE, TRAX
OLD BUDDY. I BET THEY KEEP
YOU ALL WARM AND
TOASTY AT NIGHT.

BUT I DON'T
SQUIRM FOR
ANYBODY!

WELL...
THERE *WAS* THAT
GIRL IN TUCSON.



YOU DON'T
GET IT, DO YOU
NASH? YOU'RE
NOT IN CHARGE
ANYMORE.

YOU DEALT
YOURSELF OUT OF THE
GAME WHEN YOU TOOK ON
OLD MAN STORM-- AND
I TOOK YOUR PLACE AT
THE TABLE.



YAK YAK YAK--
SO WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH *ME*,
TRAX?



I THINK I'VE
MADE THAT
CLEAR...

I WANT YOU
DEAD!

BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

RAAGH!

YEEARHRH!

WHA-A-AT?!



BUT AS I
SAID: YOU'RE GOING
TO DIE WHEN I DECIDE
IT IS TIME.

SO WHY
KILL YOUR
OWN MEN?



OPEN YOUR
EYES, NASH!

WHUUUFH!!

KRAK!!



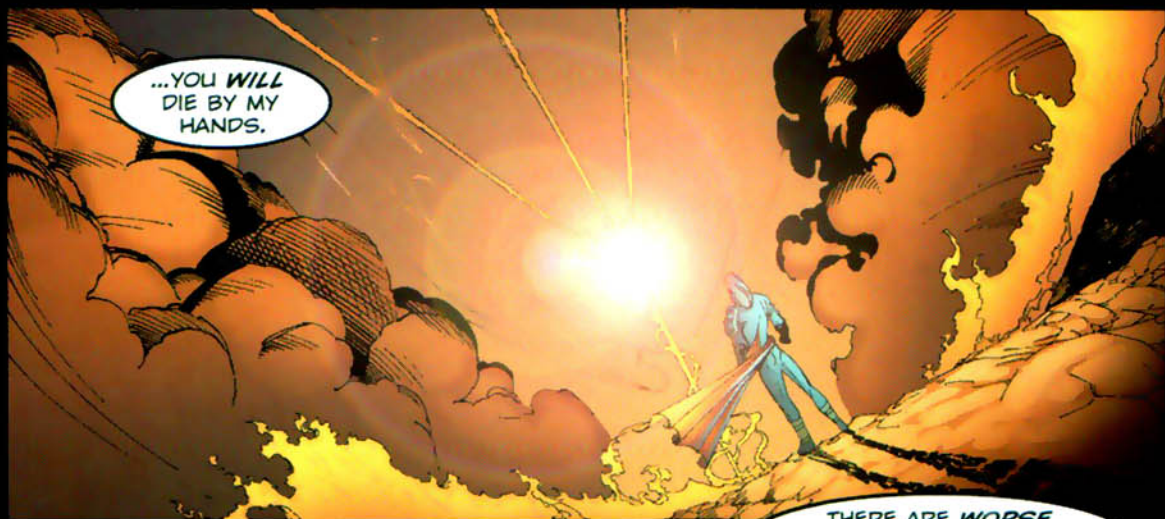
OR HAVE YOUR
SENSES BEEN DULLED
FROM TOO MUCH TIME IN
THE WASTELANDS?



THOSE WERE
MINISTER PARCH'S MEN
NOT MINE, AND PARCH IS
AN OBSTACLE ON MY
PATH TO POWER.

BUT MY PLAN
TO OVERTHROW HIM IS
TAKING SHAPE. THANKS
TO YOU--YOUR RAIDS
ARE DRIVING HIM TO
DISTRACTION.

THE DAY IS
COMING. NASH,
AND MAKE NO
MISTAKE...



...YOU WILL
DIE BY MY
HANDS.

THERE ARE *WORSE*
THINGS THAN DYING FOR A
CAUSE YOU BELIEVE IN.



WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT,
TRAX.

BUT *WHAT*
WILL WE SEE?
THE DEATHS OF MORE
INNOCENTS WHO
STOOD TO CLOSE-
TO YOU?



YES. LIKE
DYING BEFORE
YOU EVEN HAVE A
CHANCE TO *FIGHT*
FOR THAT
CAUSE...

DYING IN A
FIRESTORM OF
DESTRUCTION DIRECTED
AT YOU, NASH.



THAT'S NOT
HOW IT IS--
NOT HOW IT
HAS TO BE!




YOU DID *FANTASTIC*
THINGS HERE-- MADE THIS
TOWN WORK IN THE FACE
OF INCREDIBLE ODDS!

BUT THE PEOPLE IN
THE DOMES? THEY *HATE* THAT!
THEY TORE UP HALF YOUR TOWN--
THEM, NOT ME!!

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
THEY'LL WEAR YOU DOWN--
STRIP AWAY YOUR
HUMANITY...

...AND THEN CLUCK ABOUT
HOW YOU WERE NOTHING BUT
A BUNCH OF ANIMALS
ALL ALONG!



UNLESS WE FIGHT THEM. AT **EVERY** TURN WITH EVERY CHANCE WE GET. I SAY **WE** START WEARING THEM DOWN FOR A CHANGE!

THAT'S WHY PEOPLE LOVE YOU... AND WHY OTHERS **HATE** YOU.

AND THEN THERE'S ME.-- LOVING AND HATING ALL AT ONCE.

ME, WITH A JOB TO DO, AND NO WAY TO KEEP EVERYONE IN NEAT LITTLE COLUMNS OF GOOD AND EVIL.

RIGHT, FATHER? JUST LIKE YOU TAUGHT **ME**?

DON'T BE CROSS.

IT'S YOU I LOVE THE MOST.

AND THAT'S WHAT I'M ABOUT!

YOU'LL GET NO ARGUEMENT FROM ME, KEVIN.

I'M **CYRUS STORMS** DAUGHTER ABOVE ALL ELSE, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE MY LOYALTY...

NASH BE DAMNED!

TELEPORTATION
SEQUENCE
COMPLETE.

THOUGH I
GUESS YOU'D
RATHER BE JUST
ABOUT ANYWHERE
BUT HERE.

AND WHY
WOULD
THAT BE,
MY WELL-
FED
FRIEND?

LET'S
JUST SAY
THAT WHEN
THE MINISTER
IS **ANGRY**--

--THE
WHOLE **CITY
OF ANGELS**
KNOWS ABOUT
IT.

I WOULDN'T
WANT TO BE
IN **YOUR**
SHOES.

YOU COULDN'T
FIT IN MY SHOES,
FAT BOY.

OOOK.

AND IF YOU
FEAR **PARCH**,
KNOW THIS:

YOU FEAR
THE **WRONG
MAN!**



DON'T BE *SHY* LADIES
THERE'S PLENTY OF ME
TO GO AROUND.

IF WE'RE TAKING
THAT LONG WALK TO
FREEDOM, WE MIGHT AS
WELL DO IT SHOULDER
TO SHOULDER.

--ARM IN ARM--

--CHEEK TO
CHEEK--

--AND.. WELL, I
THINK YOU KNOW WHERE
I'M GOING WITH THIS.



BESIDES, I'D RATHER BE
A MAN THAN A--

--LEGEND?



MYGOD!
IT'S HUGE!

IT'S REAL!



THE FLOATING
CITY...



AVALON!



FSSHH!



TARA STORM

STORMY EYES,
STORMY HEART.

JUST CAN'T GET
ENOUGH OF ME,
CAN YOU?

AMONG
OTHER THINGS.

DAMN YOU, NASH!
YOU STILL HAVE THE
BIGGEST EGO--

--OF ANY MAN
I'VE EVER KNOWN.

I'M TRYING TO
GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO
CORRECT THE **BIGGEST**
MISTAKE YOU
EVER MADE.

...TO PUT AN END
TO THE RIDICULOUS
CRUSADE OF YOURS
AND COME BACK TO
WHERE YOU
BELONG!

AND ALL YOU
CAN DO IS BOAST
AND SWAGGER.

BUT, THE
WORST PART
IS....



YOU'RE
RIGHT.



WE WERE...
SOMETHING
NASH.



SOMETHING
DELICIOUS THAT I
CAN'T GET OUT OF
MY HEAD.



YOU USED TO LIKE THAT KIND OF GAME, NASH.

I KNOW I DID.

TIMES CHANGE, TARA. SO DO PEOPLE.

SOME OF THEM, ANYWAY.

AND YOU'LL TAKE ME BACK IN A FLASH, IF I JUST FORGET THE DYING PEOPLE--

--AND LET YOU PUT A BIG LEASH AROUND MY NECK.

NO DEAL.

FINE.

BE AN IDIOT THEN.

LEAD AN ARMY OF SAND EATERS AND SEE HOW FAR YOU GET. JUST REMEMBER THAT I OFFERED YOU A LIFE...

...AND YOU THREW IT AWAY!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, TARA.

I'VE GOT MY LIFE RIGHT HERE.



RIGHT HERE WITH THE SAND EAT--

SAY... I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU BEFORE.



I WAS-- HIDING. I WAS KINDA SCARED.



BUT YOU'RE NOT SCARED NOW, ARE YOU?





YOU KILLED
THEM? FOR
WHAT?

THE USUAL.
MONEY, JOB
SATISFACTION
SPIRITUAL
REWARD.

BUT BUSTING
YOUR HEAD OPEN LIKE A
RIPE WATERMELON,
THAT'S GONNA BE THE--

NASH! MY
UNCLE WANTS
TO KNOW IF
YOU'RE--



WHO--?



JARED,
GET
DOWN!!



YOU TOO,
BITCH!

FWAP

HUUHF!



BEATING
UP ON LITTLE
GIRLS--- IS THAT
YOUR THING?

BRINGING
DOWN THE **BAD**
GUYS IS MORE
LIKE IT...

AND I'VE
SEEN **MORE** THAN
MY SHARE OF **BAD**
WRAPPED UP IN A
PRETTY FACE.

THE ONLY
QUESTION NOW IS
WHO'S LEFT STANDING
WHEN WE'RE THROUGH:
THE GUY WHO **BRAWLED**
HIS WAY TO THE
TOP---

--OR THE
GIRL WHO JUST
LOST HER
GUN!



HARD CALL...

...BUT I'LL
PUT MY MONEY
ON THE **GIRL!**



FLOUGH!

KRAK



NICE MOVE.

SHOULD'VE SEEN
IT COMING.

BUT NOW
IT'S **PAYBACK
TIME!**



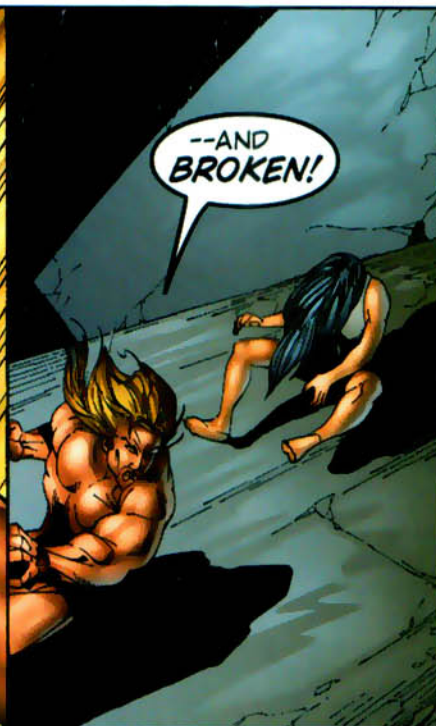
YOU CAN
THROW WHATEVER
FANCY KICKS YOU
WANT, BUT ALL YOU
GET FROM HERE
ON IN...



...IS
BLOCKED--



--BUSTED--



--AND
BROKEN!

YOU'RE
FORGETTING *LAST
NIGHT*, LOVER. I
DON'T BREAK SO
EASILY.



HEY!



I JUST
KEEP COMING
BACK FOR
MORE!



WHICH I'M
GUESSING YOU DON'T
FIND NEARLY SO MUCH
FUN RIGHT NOW.

TOO BAD.

N-N-N-NASH...?







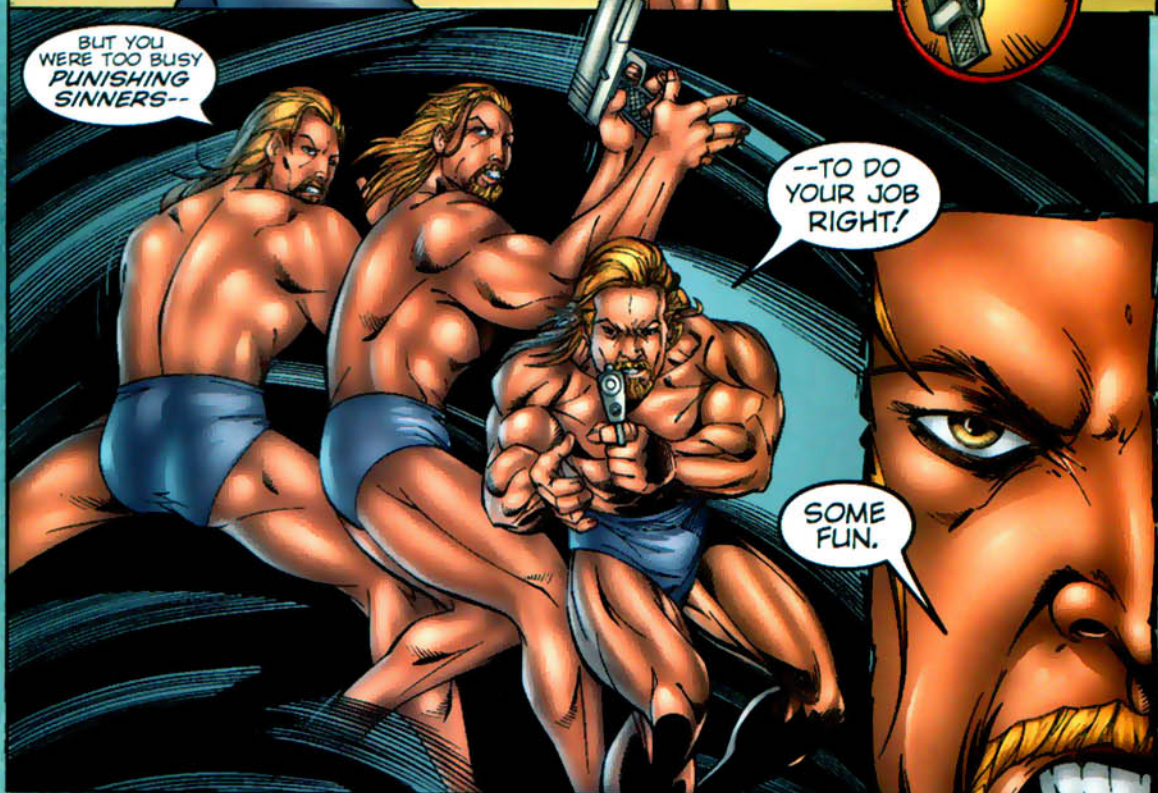


MORE FUN
THIS WAY. I WOULD
HAVE HAD YOU RIGHT
BETWEEN THE EYES IF
I'D WANTED TO.



THEN YOU
SHOULD HAVE
WANTED TO.

THAAK!



BUT YOU
WERE TOO BUSY
PUNISHING
SINNERS--

--TO DO
YOUR JOB
RIGHT!

SOME
FUN.



HOPE YOU
ENJOYED THE RIDE.



YAY--



GOOD GOD.
WHY IS IT SO HARD
TO KILL SOME
PEOPLE?



AND
OTHERS DIE
SO EASILY...



THIS HAS
GONE ON **LONG**
ENOUGH, PARCH! ALL
THESE CAT AND MOUSE
GAMES... ALL YOUR
PERVERTED LITTLE
PLANS!

YOU WANT
TO KILL ME SO BAD,
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE
TO DO IT **YOURSELF!**
'CAUSE I'M TAKING
THIS FIGHT TO YOUR
FRONT DOOR--

--AND WHEN
I COME
KNOCKING..

...ALL HELL'S
GONNA BREAK
LOOSE!!

TO BE CONTINUED...